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The Winter Roses.

[FOR MUSIC.]

THE sky is, like the water,
Gray as the hue of lead;
The fisher's little daughter
Weareth black upon her head;
The bows that wave above her
Are gray with winter frost,
And all the hearts that love her
The bridge of death have crossed.

I hear no children's voices—
Silent the fisher's maid,—
No gladsome soul rejoices
Where bold boys used to wade
In summer, in the sunlight,
When days were sweet with song,
And the wide beach was smooth and white,
Not strewn with wrecks along.

Ah, see the winter roses,
Hedged round with greenest moss,
Each curled leaf encloses
A fragrant balm for loss;
And, though there is no breaking
Of grayness over head,
They teach of an awakening
Of life that is not death.

See how they glow and quiver,
See how they nod and bend;
While all the world's a-shiver,
They sparks of ruby send;
Like firelight in the window,
Heart-shaped and red as flame,
They speak of love's sweet pardon,
From out their leafy frame.

Ah, gray and winter weather,
I wish your days were done,
My heart and hopes together,
Could open to the sun;
O roses, winter roses,
I feel your lesson deep;
No gray day ever closes
But leaves us joy to keep.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Washington's Legacy.*

JAMES M'KEE.

TWELVE long months have come and gone since the portals of this hall were thrown open to do honor to the great man whose name it bears. Actuated by motives of national pride and gratitude we have come to recall, for a few minutes, the blessings of liberty and happiness which we enjoy, and to express our appreciation of the heroic virtues of those who were, under God, the channels through which these blessings came. Repeatedly and lovingly are expressed throughout the land these sentiments of patriotism and devotion. Repeatedly within these very walls have been sounded the praises of him who is most dear to the heart of every patriotic American.

For fifty years the students of Notre Dame have made this anniversary a day of rejoicing, and for one hundred years have the American people made this a day of festivity throughout the land. And rightly has this been done; for well worthy is he whom they praise. These celebrations, which relight the fire of patriotism in every breast, causing it to glow with greater fervor and intensity, are full of import to him who would study their meaning and reflect upon their significance. They diffuse around Washington a halo of glory, and bespeak for the American people a noble devotedness and undying regard for what is most intimately and closely connected with their form of government. They enable us to connect our

* Oration of the Day, delivered in Washington Hall, February 22.

thoughts, our feelings, our sympathies and our happiness with the fortunes of men distant in place and time. We contemplate their example; we partake of their sentiments; we imbibe their spirit; we sympathize with them in their misfortunes; we rejoice with them in their successes; we mingle our existence with theirs and seem to belong to their age. It would be unworthy of us as Americans, in our gratitude for their labors and in our admiration for their zeal, to disregard those principles bequeathed to us in that immortal legacy on which our national existence rests—those principles which ruled the breast of the one man who above all others loved his country—the words of wisdom uttered in that hero's Farewell Address. This is our legacy, the affectionate advice of a father to his children, a parting salutation meant no less for us than for those who have gone before us, the measure of a great man's love for those whom he most loved.

It is true, we hold in great respect the author of that Farewell Address, and justly so. It is true we esteem his farewell words of wisdom; but on an occasion like this it seems well to consider how genuine is our esteem, how true are we to the trust imposed upon us, how loyal are we to the principles laid down for us by our country's first valedictorian.

In 1792 Gouverneur Morris sent General Washington some ornaments for the dinner-table, and advised the President, "as on him would depend the taste of the country, to fix it solidly, and not let it waste itself away on pretty trifles which would have to be changed from year to year." But, mournful to relate, that simplicity, so characteristic of our forefathers, exists no longer, or only in a slight degree. Show and display now characterize the American people; while the god of mammon is the object of their prayers and the centre of their hopes. So important has it become today that almost the worth of a man is estimated by the amount of wealth which he possesses. No position in the land is altogether free from the baneful effects of this corrupting influence. It finds its way into positions of honor and trust, and even into our courts of justice. It is no stranger to party and party politics, and is not unfrequently a means of acquiring a seat in our most important assemblies. It has been an instrument, too often employed, to darken the councils of the judiciary and to stay the hand of justice. Alas! that there should exist a plutocracy in a government formed by the people, framed by the people

and dependent upon the people for its continuance. The land of liberty purchased by the precious blood of our noble citizens was never intended to be the home of the aristocrat.

"I will never have a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state."

In the early days of our republic, nay, even before its establishment as an independent commonwealth, it was, like ancient Rome, the asylum of the exile. It tolerated all creeds, and welcomed to its shores all nations, "from the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, the Viennese woods and the Danubian plains; from Holland dyke to Alpine crag; from Belgrade and Calcutta, and round to China seas and the busy marts of Japan, the isles of the Pacific and the far-away capes of Africa—Armenian, Christian and Jew. They were men seeking freedom and protection from tyranny and oppression. In the wilds of America they found what they desired—peace and contentment. They were men of high aims and lofty aspirations, giving up all for the sake of principle. Placing around them the mantle of her protection, she bade all enter and fear not, for hereafter they were to be brothers. It was not America's fortune to be peopled always by such peaceful and contented citizens. A time has arrived when restricted immigration is advantageous, nay, an absolute necessity for our future peace and prosperity. If that parliament of nations which was held in Chicago brought a closer union between the Old World and the New, it also demonstrated conclusively the importance of a greater distance between us. That former indiscriminate welcome to our shores, and a general invitation to be presented in our palaces and arts, has marked a passing period. Indiscriminate and unhealthy immigration can no longer be permitted to our towns and cities. We must have protection against disease pauperism and crime. We want no candidates for our hospitals, our poorhouses and our jails. We can no longer admit those who come here to undermine our government and overthrow our laws. We can no longer receive those who come here in violation of our fundamental principles, in defiance of our municipal regulations, in direct antagonism to right, justice, order and decency, a system of human bondage detestable, depraved and destructive. But gladly will we receive with open arm those who, by their thrift, intelligence and loyalty, are worthy of receiving the equal advantages

of the precious and priceless gift of American citizenship.

But there is even a greater menace to our state. We have been warned against excessive party spirit; but no provision was made for such "dark lantern organizations" as the Knownothing fanatics. A government of the people, by the people, and for the people, does not require for the defense of its principles a perambulating American Protective Association. Good citizens themselves will discountenance a society composed of bigots advancing and encouraging principles directly opposed to the Constitution itself. Good citizens will strongly disapprove of such nefarious means as are adopted and advocated.

Liberty-loving citizens will not sanction the propagation of ideas which directly attack our civil and religious liberties. This is not the first organization which has existed in this country for the purpose of inventing lies and disseminating falsehoods. About fifty years ago there existed in the United States an oath-bound, secret society doing its atrocious work in the name of liberty. It made its appearance suddenly, lasted for a time, and even more suddenly disappeared. Like all things resting upon falsehood and deceit, its existence was of short duration. Such will be the fate of all nocturnal associations, for they have not the vitality imparted by the sunlight of truth. They merit what they deserve—general indignation and universal condemnation. Opposition will only lengthen their existence, and supply them with that notoriety which they so persistently desire.

Truly, then, we have erred in some things. There are lapses in our career, and we must try to rectify them; there are abuses which we must eradicate; there are foes against whom we must struggle. In fine, there are questions of national and vital interest which should claim our attention. When the battering-ram is directed against the foundation stones of a besieged citadel, action becomes a necessity with the besieged, for the danger is great.

Let American citizens, then, be wary of the dangers which beset them. From their turrets of state and national government, let them not look down upon the foe with utter complacency. It is often only after a great change has been wrought upon a nation, that men begin to study the workings of evil influences. Not so with us; our regard for home and country will ever make us jealous of our common interests. Our pride and patriotism are still strong; our

inborn sentiments of love for the illustrious hero of the Revolution will continue to urge us to duty. Fortunate are we that each 22d of February brings back to our minds the memory of a valiant soldier, a great general, an honest statesman, a citizen in every way worthy of our closest imitation. Fortunate are we that such a day returns to keep fresh in our minds the obligations under which we lie to Washington. Fortunate are we that the day recurs to emphasize his principles in our hearts, and lift high the beacon light of his example to illumine the only path that leads to national prosperity. Let our hearts, filled with the kindred spirits of admiration and gratitude, give evidence of the imperishable memory of Washington by never forgetting the principles which he taught, and always following the example which he gave! Then will future generations, when they assemble as we have done to-day to do honor to his memory, be able to say, their hearts swelling with patriotic pride, that the sun does not visit a land more happy, more lovely, and more free than this which claims Washington for its father!

William Dean Howells.

FRANK A. BOLTON.

The study of the changes in the forms of literary expression is certainly very instructive and very interesting. Literary forms change as the tastes of a people change; and in every form of literature that reflects the times, we are, in some indefinable way, drawn into the atmosphere of that age. The story, no matter whether written in prose or in verse, has always been the most popular form. We trace it through the epic, the drama, the poetic satire down to the novel, its present form.

To-day men are breaking away from the romance, for realism seems to suit the public taste. Its undisputed sway shows its popularity. Men and women now make it a study to picture lives as they find them, and they labor hard to supply the ever-increasing demand.

When the books of a year could be counted by the hundred, men knew what really was best amongst them, and mastered it; but now that they are counted by the hundreds of thousands, it is almost a matter of chance what a man reads, and still more what he remembers. To the student who has become thoroughly satu-

rated with Thackery, Miss Austen, Scott, and our other classic novelists, this immense output of books to-day offers as little in creative as in moral value. The French writers are accountable for the great outpouring of demoralizing fiction that floods our country. It is sold in enormous quantities, which shows plainly its rapidly growing popularity.

As a remedy for the evils these books are doing our rushing, giddy age, there is a crying need of men of mental brawn and spiritual muscle—men who are to stop the tide of this pagan and pernicious literature by making our own literature pure and interesting; and no one has done more to counteract the evil influence of the worst elements in the realistic school than that apostle of pure realism, William Dean Howells.

Mr. Howells was born in 1837, and received much of his education in his father's printing office. He worked on the *Ohio State Journal* for some time in the capacity of reporter. During this time he wrote quite a number of poems which showed his neatness of touch. Later he was appointed Consul at Venice, and during his stay there he wrote two volumes of sketches—"Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." Upon his return to America he was made assistant editor on the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which he soon afterward became the chief. He was for years connected with *Harper's Magazine*, but resigned his connection with that journal to take charge of the *Cosmopolitan*, a position which he now occupies.

Howells' first works of real literary value, "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys—" made up of essays and letters, a number of valuable little studies and minute observations—sufficiently indicate his bent of mind. No local charm or characteristic spell of romance is wanting. The daily lives and habits of the people in the quaint old island city of Italy may be said to have been photographed—his descriptions are so true. The young man who made these beautiful and subtle studies was, in intellectual equipment, the same Howells that we see in his novels; for his literary creed runs: "The time is coming when each new author, each new artist will be considered, not in his proportion to any other author or artist, but in his relation to human nature, known to us all, which it is his privilege, his high duty, to interpret." Mr. Howells wishes us to judge his work, and all fiction, by this statement. If we admit it, Mr. Howells is certainly a great writer; but it does not necessarily follow that Hawthorne, Scott, and the rest of our romanticists,

are tinkers at the art, as he would have us believe. Marion Crawford says: "I believe more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be, than by describing their weaknesses with the highest of art." So we see the romanticist, who is nothing more than the idealist, sets up a different standard to judge his work by. He says: "Cultivate the Ideal." The realist says: "Let us know man, that we may be humbled and strengthened with a sense of fraternity." Of all modern English or American writers, Mr. Howells has done the most by his bold exposition of the gospel of realism; to wean our tastes from the romantic to the real.

In "A Modern Instance," "Foregone Conclusion," and "Silas Lapham" we get a comprehensive view of the author's stand in literature. His types are drawn from the reality he knows and have no prototypes in fiction. The characters he has given us we meet in everyday life. He sees life as we do, and presents it naturally and gracefully.

Few American humorists have excelled him in the power of touching the secret springs of merriment which please us so much without betraying the happiness of the mood by any outward bursts of laughter. "Their Wedding Journey," "A Chance Acquaintance," and his other works, all indicate the presence of this delicious, humorous element penetrating his picturesque descriptions of scenery as well as his refined perception of character, and pleasing narrations of incident. His farces, "A Dress Suit," "The Mouse-Trap," "The Garroters," are little gems. The characters are American, the atmosphere American, and the humor strictly American. He shows us how full of romance is our everyday life which seems oft-times so sordid. News about life is common property; but a knowledge of what life really is, a deep knowledge of those with whom we live, is a rarer thing and more difficult of attainment.

The art with which he draws his women is most admirable; here, as elsewhere, he describes what he sees. It is not his ignorance of the grand and heroic traits of American womanhood that tempts Mr. Howells to betray their whimsicalities and caprices, but it is his deep knowledge of them that induces him to represent them in such positions with more fidelity. Only a thorough study of human nature, a keen eye and an American humorist, could have given us that little farce, "The Mouse-Trap." Here Howells is again the artist. He enters into no descriptions; yet we have the

whole atmosphere. Nothing appears accidental, but the action is so intimately dependent upon and evolved from the characters that the events, though trifling, seem to follow each other in logical sequence. No one will deny the undoubted art and merit of these farces. The incidents, it is true, are trivial, but held up and reflected in such an easy and truthful way that absorb our attention, not only for their naturalness, but also for their purity and cleverness.

Howells is, above all, pure. He addresses a mixed company, and the vast majority of his readers are young ladies. English and American writers have recognized the fact that they must write for their class if they would be read; and in consequence they have a much purer tone in their novels than any other nation.

If the effects of literature—the refining and ennobling of mankind—are not produced, then literature is at fault. And literature that drags a man down and demoralizes him, instead of lifting him up and making him feel better, and cultivating his reason, imagination and judgment, should be refused publication. Mr. Howells has shown us that realism can exist and be an art, without introducing the coarseness of the French school. What he cares to do is to represent things as they really are, with the purity of a moral atmosphere; and this, he does well. We unite with Mr. Howells in saying that if realism must exist, let it be pure; and only then will it become an important factor in refining and ennobling man.

Trifles Light as Air.

MY TREASURES.

I've manuscripts rare in those cash boxes there
Of Longfellow's, Lowell's and —'s;
But those just above are the ones that I love—
My poems returned me "with thanks."

D. V. C.

HER MASK.

She laughs and smiles, her eyes embrace
The blooming roses in her face,
As if on her eternal spring
Had left no mark of care—no sting;
All draw aside to give her place.

But could we see beneath and trace
The thoughts behind that mask, her face,
The heart might rather weep than sing;
She laughs and smiles.

Her words are gay, her wit gives race
While mirth and laughter run apace:
But see! her eyes! what makes them bring

That look of death? Ah she must fling
Away her pain and bear with grace.
She laughs and smiles.

J. A. M.

BE REMINDED.

Let the busy bee remind us
Of the work that should be done;
If we are to fill our store-house
For the day that has no sun.

J. M. K.

WILL SHE?

I wrote her to-day;
Will she send me an answer?
I really can't say—
I wrote her to-day
In the most approved way
Of the modern romancer.
I wrote her to-day;
Will she send me an answer?

M. A. L.

REMORSE.

In a moment of insanity
I tried to show the vanity
Of woman's aspirations to be wise.
I'm sure now 'twas profanity—
She calls it inhumanity,
And says my stock-in-trade is chiefly lies.

D. V. C.

FATE.

He wished to be a chemist,
But he never used the "hood"
Evaporating filtrates,
As a careful chemist should.

Result—a marble column,
Which this plain inscription bore,
"To the memory of John Jinkins,
Cause, H₂ S O 4."

C. C. F.

The Kleptomaniac.

BY FROST THORN.

Doctor Willis Morton lowered the paper he had been reading, and looked at his wife. "What shall we do to-day?" he asked. "Sunday is always such a long, dull day, and we do nothing but sit here and talk and read; or if we go out riding in the afternoon, it is generally over the same drive. What is there to do?"

"Oh, I know!" she answered, her face brightening. "You remember, Willis, you promised to take me some time to see the poor part of the city. Suppose we go this afternoon?"

Her husband hesitated; he did not half like the idea of taking his wife into the slums, where poverty and crime could be seen almost in the mud of the street. But he had promised, and he would not refuse; besides, she was very anxious to go. He was always kind and loving.

to his wife, never refusing her anything that would give her pleasure. So he said: "Yes, we will go after dinner. Wrap up warm; it will be chilly towards evening."

And on that November afternoon, Doctor Morton, in his big overcoat, and his wife, wrapped up in furs, sped along the boulevards in their buggy; then through the business portion of the city until they came to loose, uneven streets, and they had entered the slums.

The slums of C. are far from prepossessing; the very air seems heavy and stifling, and an atmosphere of significant gloom pervades the place. The doctor had misgivings about this Sunday ride, and he wondered who else would do as he was doing. He checked the horse once or twice, and would have turned back had not the fear of disappointing his wife urged him on. They drove on slowly, along a muddy street full of ruts and littered with all sorts of rubbish. On either side were rows of wretched shanties: These old, weather-beaten, tumble-down, crime-stained places, with their broken windows and doors, with their chimneys falling to pieces, filled the doctor and his wife with pity and disgust. Through the open doors could be seen women, in all conditions of poverty and carelessness, while the men sat on the rickety door steps, or on the side-walk, smoking and chewing tobacco. Now and then could be heard scraps of coarse conversation, rude jests, or vulgar oaths. Children, half naked, some with only a rag tied around them, wallowed in the gutters playing with the dogs. Some threw at the passing buggy; others stared in open-mouthed wonder at the doctor and his wife until they had passed, and then continued to play in the filth. The loud, coarse laughter, and rough language, the dark-looking houses, everything around them, spoke of poverty and of crime. The doctor looked at his wife, questioningly and smiled curiously.

"Oh, Willis, this is horrible!" she shuddered. "Let us go home." She had not dreamed of such degradation; and the first sight of such abject misery was a surprise, a shock to her. She seemed stifled, and could scarcely breathe. She could not understand it all; but she had seen enough. She repeated, "Let us go home." The doctor said nothing, but turned into another street. Suddenly they heard a cry, and then another.

"Don't hurt him, George! you'll kill him! Don't! don't! don't!" It was a woman's voice. The cries continued; then a man ran out of one of the houses, and disappeared in an alley. The

doctor could still hear the cries; now they seemed those of a child.

"Ellen," he said, "I'm going in there. Wait here just one minute."

"No," she cried, "please don't!" and tried to stop him; but he got out of the buggy and ran to the door of the house.

"Come here," he called to her, quickly, and they both entered the room.

The place was the home of the most abject poverty. A couple of old chairs, a large box with a tin basin on it, to serve as a wash-stand, a broken glass and pitcher, together with an old, shaky bed, whose bedclothes were torn and dirty, was the only furniture. Rags were stuffed into the windows, and between the cracks in the wall, to keep out the cold. Everything was dirty, and the place had a mean, squalid appearance. Before the fireplace sat a little child, crying and screaming; it stopped when it saw the visitors. On the bed lay a woman, whose wild eyes, pinched face, and long, unkempt hair showed the result of starving poverty. One arm lay outside the clothes, and just below the elbow, on the forearm, the doctor saw a large red spot, that was evidently blood. The woman hastily covered her arm; she seemed a little frightened and afraid to speak. The doctor came up to the bed and spoke gently to her, telling her he was a doctor, and wished to help her.

"She is going to die," he said to his wife, in an undertone; but the latter had not recovered herself, and knew not what to make of it all. "She is going to die," the doctor repeated.

"Is she?" Then her womanly nature came back to her, and she said: "Save her, Willis, if you can."

"But I cannot," he replied. "Look at her face. Can't you see death there?" He felt the woman's pulse, and shook his head.

He spoke to her, but the poor woman did not answer; she only opened her eyes, and looked at him. He understood. The doctor always carried brandy with him; he drew the flask from his pocket, and, applying it to the woman's lips, poured some down her throat. It would serve to strengthen her, at least for a little while; and then she spoke. The doctor leaned down to catch the words, spoken in a whisper: "Doctor, I am dying! Never mind me—but—the child." Then between gasps, and with great difficulty, she managed to tell him that she and her husband had been on the verge of starvation for some time; that they lived on what they could get, or take; that they stole

to pay their rent, and that she could live no longer. The doctor's wife became more and more astonished as poverty's true aspect rose before her by degrees. Doctor Morton asked the sick woman what had caused the red spot on her arm. She said that the day before she had tried to conceal a piece of bread to feed the child, and that her husband in his effort to wrest it from her had caused the wound. The woman showed her arm, and they saw a deep hole clotted with blood.

"Poor woman!" thought Mrs. Morton; and said aloud to her husband: "Can't you save her, Willis?"

"No," he replied, "she is beyond human help. The most I can do is to give her brandy; that may stimulate her for a time." He turned to the dying woman and asked her about the child; what was to become of it? The poor thing would die of hunger or cold if left alone.

"Doctor," said the woman, looking intently at him, "there is yet a spark of humanity in my heart. I know what the boy will be if he grows up here, and I want him to be better than I am." She stopped for a moment to see if the doctor would speak; but he said nothing.

"Will you take the child?" she said, suddenly, and with an earnestness that surprised him. The doctor looked at his wife in unconcealed amazement.

She looked at the dirty baby, sprawling on the floor, forming a vivid contrast with her own rich dress; she wondered could she ever get used to having him in her house. But she thought he would look different if properly cared for. And she pitied this wretched mother. Pity overcame the disgust she may have felt at first, and a desire to do a good deed rose up in her heart. She put her gloved hand on her husband's shoulder, and, looking into his eyes, said, slowly: "Husband, we have no children; let us give this child a home."

He stood looking at her for a moment, then he said: "Be it as you wish, Ellen." He turned quickly to the dying woman on the bed. "We will take the child;" and he offered to God an earnest prayer that with Him this poor soul would find peace and forgiveness. "God bless you!" was all she said.

The sick woman was sinking fast; as the flame of a candle, flickering, and suddenly extinguished by a breath of air, so this woman's life went out. Mrs. Morton took the child in her arms, and she and her husband stood for a moment silently looking at the dead woman. Her death made them sad. "Let us go, Ellen,"

said the doctor, softly, and a tear glistened in his eye as he passed out of the room.

II.

Is there such a thing as heredity? The general opinion of men—an opinion established by certain facts and by investigation—inclines to the belief there is. Do we not see children whose main characteristics morally, and whose general appearance physically, are very similar to the moral and physical characteristics of their parents?

It has been proved by physiological investigation that physical defects have been transmitted from parents to children; and, in general, that the offspring of weak and sickly parents are also weak and sickly. Now, if physical defects be thus transmitted, have we any grave reason to doubt that children fall heir to the virtues and vices of their fathers and mothers? Experience daily shows instances of persons who have the moral defects of their parents instilled into their very blood. Pride, haughtiness, and other traits of character, both good and bad, are transmitted through generations.

Now, George Gaylor had been taken from the slums, from the hands of a dying mother, who had been a thief, and rescued from the hands of a father, who was as bad as the worst of thieves. Doctor Morton and his wife had opened their hearts to the wretched child they had seen crying on the floor of the shanty on that November day, ten years ago.

They changed his name from George Gaylor to George Gaylor Morton, and treated him as their own son. As the years passed, their affection for their adopted child deepened, and George in turn loved them with all the ardor of his young and passionate nature.

Often, after tea was over, they would sit in the parlor, playing with the child, and making brilliant plans for his future; no father and mother could be kinder than were Doctor Morton and his wife to this adopted son. But, since the doctor was out so much, having an extensive practice and being at his office several hours every day, his wife saw much more of the child, and so understood him better and loved him more dearly.

Mrs. Morton, left at home alone, would spend her time in some work about the house, keeping little George with her. Sometimes she would leave the room for a minute and on coming back would find George still playing; but when she spoke to him he acted in a

kind of shame-faced manner, that aroused her curiosity, and caused her to wonder at his behavior. Now and then she missed things, and when she asked little George if he had seen them he would answer "No"; but his manner belied his words. Mrs. Morton could not persuade herself to believe that George was deceiving her. One day, however, as she was looking for her thimble, which George denied having seen, it dropped from his pocket to the floor. Then the truth flashed upon her. She reprimanded him, and told him he must not do anything like that any more. From that day she watched him closely, for she knew now what had become of the various things that she had missed from time to time.

She spoke kindly to him, and tried to impress upon him the hatefulness of deceit. He was very young, she reasoned, and kindness, together with example and helpful words, would in time correct his fault. But as he grew older, this propensity for filching seemed to grow stronger and stronger. Every now and then something or other would be missed and, after a search, it would usually come about that George had taken it. Then would follow advice, remonstrances and tears; but all the motherly efforts seemed of no avail. George evidently did not take a thing because he really wanted it; but rather because it seemed a habit he could not control. One time he would slip a knife or a spoon off the dinner-table; at another it would be only a few matches; again, it might be Mrs. Morton's ring that was missing, for George slept in her room until he was about ten years old, and consequently, had easy access to anything he might fancy. This habit of taking things became so strong that Doctor Morton and his wife almost despaired of ever breaking him of it, and they knew not what to do. They tried kindness, love, advice, and even threats; but it always ended the same way. Finally, when George was about sixteen, the Doctor hit upon a plan that he thought would cure George effectually. He determined to procure for the boy everything he desired, and, in addition, would give him an allowance more than sufficient for his needs; George could then have no possible excuse for taking anything. This plan worked by degrees, and the Doctor was well pleased.

At last he thought that George was thoroughly free from his old habit. When the boy reached the age of nineteen, he had a good education, was quite good-looking, and had a pleasing way that made many friends for him.

Two more years went by, and he was, as the doctor and his wife thought, more than ever free from any desire or inclination to filch.

Now that George was twenty-one, it was time for him to work independently, and make a living for himself. Doctor Morton's influence and recommendation obtained a position for him as book-keeper in a large wholesale house in a neighboring city. Doctor Morton explained everything to the merchant, and cautioned him to keep a watchful eye on the young employé. George continued in this position for some time, and reports of him were most favorable and promising. About a year and a half after George had entered the establishment, the cashier resigned on account of ill health, and George was asked to fill the vacancy.

Everything now seemed bright for the young man, and his parents were full of hope; and they helped and encouraged him as much as they could. For a long while things went on smoothly, and no cloud darkened his future.

It was Sunday, twenty-five years since Doctor Morton had taken his wife to see the slums—twenty-five years since they had adopted a beggar boy, a young man now of the greatest promise. They both were sitting in the same little parlor just as they had sat twenty-five years before. The Doctor was reading his paper; suddenly he dropped it, and said: "Ellen, do you remember what we did twenty-five years ago to-day?"

"It is a long time," she replied, and remained thoughtful. Then she said, with perhaps a touch of sadness in her voice: "It was the day we found our boy."

"Yes," he went on, "it was the day we found our boy. Things have changed since then. Which of us ever thought he would be what he is now? And yet," he added, after a moment's pause, "I almost fear he—"

A ring at the front door interrupted him. Then the door opened, the servant brought in a note and handed it to Doctor Morton.

"Who is it from?" asked his wife.

Without answering her, he tore open the envelope, and slowly read the short note. He became pale and breathless. His wife looked at him in astonishment. He handed her the note. She read it, and burst into tears. The note contained these words:

"SUNDAY.

"DOCTOR MORTON:

"Excuse my addressing you thus abruptly; but I have something of great importance to tell you. Friday last \$1000 were missed from our safe. Your son has not been seen since.

"J. W. TURNER."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Under Prof. Egan's careful training the students in the English Course are acquiring a rare proficiency in the art of literature. No better indication of this could be found than in the comments recently made by the *Catholic Universe* in reprinting some of our verse.

—In accordance with a custom coeval with her foundation, Notre Dame, on last Thursday, celebrated, for the fiftieth time, the birthday of the Father of our Country. Although we see no need of flaunting our patriotism, it may be well to say that in all things is Notre Dame a Catholic American institution. Her founder, the late Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., was at heart a true American, and all his life was devoted to making Notre Dame a bright example among American institutions. How well he succeeded last Thursday's celebration well attests. Had the slanderous tongues, which have been making so much ado about the want of patriotism amongst Catholics in general, and Catholic institutions in particular, been present at Notre Dame on Thursday and witnessed our celebration they would have been ingloriously mute. The heartfelt patriotism shown would

not have left them even the chance to accuse Catholics of hypocrisy.

—If the members of the Athletic Association wish to do honor to themselves and to the University, let them now, always and forever, discountenance any attempt to admit outsiders to a position on a Notre Dame team. Unless a team be composed wholly of students it is a disgrace to the college it represents. On the other hand, the victories of a good, honest student team redound to the credit of all, while the defeats suffered by such a team simply show that its opponent was the stronger. No spot or stain attaches to such a defeat.

We should all take an interest in seeing that our teams are made up of students only. Let our advisory committee see to it that no outsiders play on our teams. Let us have coaches and pay them, but let us keep them out of games with other colleges. Let us have clean sport, fair sport, honest sport, and Notre Dame sport. Let us uphold the honor of our University and not have outsiders do it for us.

John Tyndall, Scientist.

THE secular press is still eulogizing the wonderful achievements of the late Professor Tyndall, who, we are assured, was the most conspicuous man of science that England has produced since the time of Newton. Making due allowance for the hyperboles in which the friends and admirers of the late scientist have indulged, are there any reasons to justify the current statements regarding his transcendent ability and his wonderful contributions to science? If so, what are they? And if not, what is the secret of the great reputation which Tyndall has so long enjoyed in both the New and the Old Worlds?

The specialty of Tyndall was physics; his occupation for many years was that of lecturer on this branch of science in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. In originality of thought, and in extent and variety of attainments he is not to be compared with his illustrious predecessors, Dr. Thomas Young, Sir Humphry Davy, and Michael Faraday. The genius and the discoveries of these three men have rendered their names immortal.

But what of Tyndall, of whom we have heard

and still hear so much? As a mathematician he was far below mediocrity, and was practically unknown. And yet without a knowledge of the higher mathematics it is now impossible to attain to eminence in physics. All our truly great modern physicists have been eminent mathematicians, as are also the most illustrious of living physicists. Clausius, Kirchhoff, Jamin, Clerk Maxwell, Lord Kelvin, Tait, Stokes, and Lord Rayleigh are witnesses to the truth of this assertion. Faraday is sometimes quoted as an exception to this rule; but while mathematics was not his forte, he was unquestionably, even as a mathematician, the superior of the much-lauded Tyndall. But it must not, in this connection, be forgotten that Faraday was a genius, and a genius of the first order; that he had a talent for experimentation which has never been surpassed, if even equalled; that he was endowed with an instinct for interrogating Nature which few, if any, have ever possessed in such a superior degree.

A genius Tyndall certainly was not. Not even the most ill-advised friend would venture to give him this title. Being then neither a genius nor a mathematician, we have legitimate *a priori* reasons for inferring that he was not, and could not have been, a great physicist.

What, then, we again ask, are his claims to distinction?

In the first place, he knew how to popularize science. He was a good caterer for the English-speaking world of the latest scientific results of French and German science. He was pre-eminently what the French call a *vulgarisateur*. He excelled, not in discoveries of his own, but in exploiting the discoveries of others; he was in no sense distinguished as an original investigator, but was rather a *buccinator tantum* of the results achieved by others.

As a lecturer on scientific subjects he had few if any peers. In addition to the gift of golden speech, he had a dramatic style and a lucidity of exposition which put him at once *en rapport* with his audience, and held them spell-bound for hours. As a writer he was prolific and versatile, and many of his productions may be cited, not only as models of a luminous style, but also as among the most pellucid and brilliant specimens of scientific exposition in the language. His contributions to the Royal Society alone number considerably more than a hundred papers. But it is by his popular works that he is best known, and it is by these we can best judge of the capacity of the man and of the character of his achievements.

Among his best-known books are those on "The Forms of Water," "Sound," and "Heat as a Mode of Motion," not to mention similar works on light and electricity. But in all these works we see at once that the distinguishing characteristic of Tyndall was not originality of thought, but rather novelty of presentation and felicity of illustration. In his researches on the glaciers he does nothing more than continue the work inaugurated by Agassiz, Faraday and Forbes; in acoustics he gives us, with some slight contributions of his own, but *rechauffés* of the labors of Chladni and Lissajous and Helmholtz; in heat he but popularizes the investigations of Rumford, Bunsen, Melloni and Joule. In his researches in magnetism, and electricity, as well as in those regarding the dust particles in the air, he only develops the ideas of previous investigators, notably of Arago, Ampère, Faraday and Pasteur.

No; Tyndall was not a great physicist, still less the towering genius his admirers love to consider him. He was not an original investigator in the true sense of the word, because all his work was on lines indicated by others. He made some discoveries, it is true, but not of prime importance; he extended somewhat the domain of natural knowledge, but not nearly so much as many others who are entirely unknown to fame. For the work he has accomplished the scientific world is duly grateful; but no man who has any acquaintance with Tyndall's contributions to physics, or who is at all familiar with the history of science, can see any reason whatever for ranking Tyndall among the great scientists of the age, and much less for comparing him with such an intellectual giant as Newton.

Tyndall was not, then, distinguished for any great discovery; he was not a great nor a deep thinker. He founded no school, nor can his life work be regarded as having given any special impetus to original research, nor as having materially extended the bounds of scientific knowledge.

Truth to tell, Tyndall's reputation was rather the result of circumstances than of any special merit of his own. He managed to get on the great evolutionary wave just as it was about to curl and break, and in consequence of this fact his name became associated with those of Darwin, Spencer and Huxley, as one of the great exponents and defenders of the theory of evolution. He had none of the qualities which have rendered his associates so famous—neither the philosophical acumen of Spencer, nor the

remarkable powers of observation of Darwin, nor the profound biological knowledge of Huxley. Of the theory of evolution he was at best nothing more than a popular expounder and a sensational orator. He knew how to address himself *ad populum*; how, when his thesis required it, to make use of *ad captandum* arguments which a true philosopher would prefer to discard; how to work on the prejudices of his hearers when he thought he could score a point against his opponents by so doing. His work was among the masses, as Huxley's was among scientists, and Spencer's among philosophers.

It is said of Tyndall's father that he "lived to a great extent for the purpose of fighting the Church of Rome." Tyndall son inherited this proclivity of Tyndall sire. He hated the Church with an intense hatred, and availed himself of every opportunity of having a fling at both Church and churchmen. When speaking of the condition of science during the Middle Ages, he, like Draper, loved to expatiate on Moorish enlightenment and Christian ignorance, and to dilate on the long-exploded notions regarding the debt due to the Mohammedan science and the opposition displayed by Christian Europe against every form of culture and advancement. He would descant with manifest relish on the martyrdom of Giordano Bruno, the persecution of Galileo, and the repression of the genius of Descartes and his compeers. With him the Church was a synonym for ignorance; the sworn advocate of methods and systems which are not only mediæval and obsolete, but unscientific and absurd. He did not, it is true, exclaim with Voltaire, *Ecrasez l'infame*, but his known opinions on this subject did not essentially differ from those of the rabid French infidel.

The calibre of Tyndall's mind and the manner in which he dealt with his opponents is best illustrated in the theological and political discussions in which he took part. Of theology he was absolutely ignorant of even the first principles; and yet, notwithstanding this, he did not hesitate to run full atilt against those who had made theology the study of a life-time. As may readily be imagined, his blunders were ridiculous in the extreme.

In politics—in which he was singularly uninformed, and for which his entire education and training had utterly unfitted him—he was ever ready to enter the lists with the most astute politicians of the United Kingdom, and to run amuck, where the wisest statesman of the age

feared to tread. His notorious Belfast address, his inflammatory denunciations of Home Rule, and his furious diatribes against Gladstone, whom he designated "a hoary rhetorician," are samples of his style of dialectics and of his methods of controversy.

No, we repeat, Tyndall was not a great scientist, not even a great physicist. His reputation is largely borrowed and accidental, as it will certainly prove to be fictitious and ephemeral. We are as ready as even the greatest of his admirers to give him the meed of praise to which his genuine contributions to science entitle him; but we are not prepared to salute him as one of the great masters of science; for great he was not. And this, we are persuaded, will be the unanimous verdict of posterity—of judges who can be deceived neither by the glamour of undeserved fame, nor by the pomp and glory of circumstance, which the ignorant set such store by, and to which indiscreet friends attach such exaggerated importance.

It was Tyndall's assertiveness and combativeness; his advocacy in distinguished company of the cause of evolution when the major portion of the world was against it; his pronounced antipathy against dogma, and his frequent onslaughts on religion; his insistence, in season, and out of season, on the claims of science, which he would have the world believe was the one omnipotent factor in all matters pertaining to human weal and human progress. He was not like Copernicus, the father of a noble, far-reaching conception; not, like Kepler and Newton, the discoverer of great and comprehensive laws. His work did not, like that of Galvani, Volta, Oersted, Ampère and Franklin, Huygens and Fresnel, and so many others, mark an epoch in the onward march of science; it did not like, that of Herschel and Leverrier, add new worlds to the already countless worlds of the astronomer. He did not, like Darwin, give his name to a new school of thought; or, like Laplace, frame an hypothesis as simple as it is sublime. He was not, like Rumford, and Grove, and Joule and Mayer—who established that grand generalization, the correlation and conservation of energy—a conspicuous and effective worker in any line of thought which will leave its impress on all subsequent research; nor did he take an active and important part in any great movement which will mark an era in the history of science.

His antagonists—he reckoned all those unfriendly to science as such—were often as

fanciful as Don Quixote's windmill, and his tactics savored of those of the jumping, excited *banderillero* in the *plaza de toros*, rather than of those of the collected and imperturbable *matador* who quietly gives his victim the *coup de grace* without either flurry or ostentation.

According to the London *Daily Graphic*, Tyndall said of himself: "I am by nature a savage. I like to walk about my garden booing science." We are not disposed to deny the truth of this characterization. On the contrary, laconic as it is, it is a perfect resumé of all that might be said of Tyndall as a scientist and a man. He was distinctively and by profession during his long career a science boomer. When the discussions in religion and politics and science, which have been so rife during the past few decades, are terminated or forgotten, and when sounder and more temperate views prevail, and the time comes for the pronouncing of the dispassionate and unbiassed judgment of those most competent to estimate the late physicist at his true worth, it will be found that his name is far from being at the head of the roster of the great army of English men of science; that, on the contrary, he will occupy a place far below those who have made much less noise in the world, but whose contributions to science, although for the nonce ignored by the many, are as valuable as they shall be enduring.

We have it not in purpose in this short notice to speak of Tyndall's character as a man. We cannot, however, forbear expressing our admiration of his independence of character, and his spirit of perfect fearlessness on occasions which demanded marked courage and intrepidity. Whatever may have been his faults in the arenas of religious controversy or political strife, he always had the courage of his convictions, and he did not hesitate to express his views because they were unpopular or because the majority happened to be against him. He could not be bribed nor cajoled nor intimidated. Scientific Chauvinism—that strange foible of otherwise great minds—was particularly distasteful to him; almost as much so as Irish autonomy, or a dogmatic definition of the Pope. The prejudices due to early education and environment interfered notably with anything which approached clearness of vision in questions religious and political, and engendered a condition of intellectual astigmatism from which he never freed himself. But in matters of science he was always singularly fair and chivalrous, and was looked upon by his

collaborators as the soul of honor and of noble punctilio. This may have been one of the reasons—it undoubtedly was—why he was able to retain so long the friendship of the most distinguished scientists of Europe. He was loyal to his friends, and they were devoted to him. Any man who could for two score years retain the unbroken friendship of such men as Spencer, Huxley, Carlyle, Frankland, Helmholtz, Knoblauch, Hooker, Hirst, Lubbock, not to mention others almost equally eminent, was no ordinary man. He must have possessed qualities which are found in but few thus to endear himself to such an illustrious coterie of friends, each one of whom now mourns his loss as something distinctly personal.

But Tyndall's sterling worth as a man and as a friend, his generous nature, his personal magnetism, his many noble qualities of heart and mind, which we should be the last to deny him, do not blind us to his position in the world of science. It is this with which we, as well as the world at large, are most concerned; and in our brief estimate of the dead scientist's life-work we have endeavored honestly to assign to him the position in the ranks of contemporary scientists to which, we think, his labors and achievements justly entitle him. And although we are far from inclined to bestow on him that fulsome praise which has been so injudiciously showered upon him since his death, we are equally far from having any desire to detract from the real value of the work he has accomplished, or minify in the least the worth of his contributions to science. We should prefer to err by excess rather than by defect—to attribute an exaggerated importance to his work rather than be guilty of denying to him what he really deserves. He has achieved results for which the world is grateful, but they are not, we repeat, the extraordinary results which so many, who ought to know better, affect to believe.

A few words would suffice for Tyndall's epitaph; and a few words, simple and yet comprehensive, will express all that the biographical dictionaries and cyclopædias of the future will have to say of the man who has made so great a stir in his day, and on whom so much sentiment has been lavished since his death. These few words, telling of the modicum of success achieved in the pursuit of science in general, and implying the further fact that there was nothing in particular worthy of the chroniclers' notice, are JOHN TYNDALL, SCIENTIST—only this, and nothing more.

J. A. ZAHM, C. S. C.

The Celebration of the Twenty-Second.

Many friends of Notre Dame availed themselves of the invitations issued by the Faculty and students, and filled the college hall to overflowing on Washington's Birthday.

In response to the popular demand, the heavy tragedy, which it has heretofore been customary to present on this occasion, was replaced by a light drama; and that the departure was pleasing and refreshing, was evidenced by the smiles of enjoyment that were to be seen on the faces of all, both visitors and students.

The exercises opened with the "Overture Americaine" by the University Orchestra; followed by the rendition of "America" by the University Philharmonic Club and a chorus of forty-five voices. The spontaneity of the applause which this effort received bespoke the stirring effect which it had on the audience. Mr. James McKee then stepped forward and, in a forcible and eloquent manner, delivered the oration of the day. A pleasing feature of the address was that it contained little or none of the spread eagle. The young gentleman treated of questions which are interesting the public mind at present—unrestricted immigration and the A. P. A. movement—and argued against the continuance of the former, and predicted the early disappearance of the latter. He well merited the generous applause which his discourse elicited. His oration is printed elsewhere in our columns. The chorus next entertained the audience with the patriotic song "Red, White and Blue"; this was followed by the two-act drama, "Robert Macaire."

The plot of the play has been made familiar to nearly everybody by the popular opera of "Ermine." Mr. Hugh O'Donnell as "Robert Macaire" sustained his reputation as an amateur of so high a grade as to be but little removed from the professional. It was said by an old resident that Notre Dame had not in the last ten years produced an amateur of greater merit than Mr. O'Donnell. Indeed his impersonation of the character of the bold-faced and impudent thief was perfect.

Mr. Du Brul as "Jacques Strop" *alias* "Bertrand," partner to Robert Macaire was the very picture of fear, and kept the audience in a constant roar of laughter by his antics. However, the key scene and the scene where he breakfasts with the gendarmes were a little overdone.

Mr. Hervey as "Dumont," Mr. Sinnott as "Germil," Mr. James Fitzgerald as "Charles," and Mr. Christopher Fitzgerald as "Pierre," the servant, filled their parts acceptably. Mr. Prichard as "Arthur" was inclined to be tragical, and consequently his personation of the character was somewhat overdrawn; but, nevertheless, the effort was a highly creditable one.

The play was properly staged; and although it looked strange to see one of the young gentlemen wearing a modern suit when all the others were costumed in the dress in vogue at the beginning of the century, it was an accident that could not be prevented—the costume sent him was not a fit one, and time forbade replacing it in any other way.

On the whole, the young men showed careful training and study, and well merited the generous applause with which their efforts were received. Lack of space does not permit a more extended criticism or a discussion of the merits of the drama itself.

M., JR.

Communication.

MR. EDITOR:

The last number of the SCHOLASTIC stated that the Seniors' reading-room was bare of newspapers now, in decided contrast with last year. The selfishness of individual students is accountable for this depletion of the tables. No sooner are the papers placed in the reading-room than they are taken away by some members who often fail to return them. All the papers subscribed for at the beginning of the term find their way to the tables. The only way to keep the papers and to prevent the members from taking them for their own individual pleasure is to have files placed in the reading-room.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Exchanges.

—The complaint on the part of exchange editors that too much space in college papers is devoted to local news is not only absurd but indicates a selfishness of which they should feel ashamed. A college journal without a local flavor is a flower from which all fragrance has departed. The students who patronize a college paper, justly expect from it a detailed account of the happenings of the week.

Moreover, the alumni look to the college representative to furnish them with the college news; they desire to keep in touch with the progress of their *Alma Mater*. Ex-men should bear in mind that their exchanges are not issued for their especial benefit, and that the introduction of too many magazine articles will tend to make a journal heavy and lighten the pockets of the managers. Of course, we object, and strongly, to much of the matter that finds its way into a local column. We know of a certain editor who wrote a column and a half of skits, and complacently placed them under the head of locals, as news; and, brethren, hear, in wonder,—he is alive still! No: away with mean personal reflections, but let there be an abundance of *news*.

Whatever exception one may take to the sentiments of the *Adelphian*, there will be no hesitancy in awarding it the palm for good typography. The pretty half tones reproduced every month, and the brightness of the paper, make it a delight to see. The editors understand the value of a good appearance, and use art to advantage.

The *Lawrence High School Bulletin* is another good specimen of the printer's art. We like to look at the *Bulletin*, but to read it—well, life is short, and the *Bulletin* contains a "Gossip" column—all about nothing—with a desperate effort to be funny.

The exchange editor of the *University Monthly* may be very patriotic, but he doesn't know the value of English words. England may be the idol of his affections, but her language is to him a sealed book. We feel certain that if the writer of the "Hawaiian Question" could have foreseen the storm of indignation he raised in his neighbor's territory he would not have called England "the robber nation." He is known to us as one who is particularly sensitive about mongrel English.

If a college paper be representative of an institution, what can be the meaning of the heading "Written for the —," seen in some of our exchanges. The journal that cannot procure a sufficient number of contributions from the students had better stop publication; it only emphasizes the fact that the college it represents has not talent sufficient to publish a paper.

Personals.

—W. F. Whalen, '84, is practising dentistry in Peoria, Ill.

—Samuel T. Spalding, '78, is county attorney at Lebanon, Ky.

—W. J. Kirby, '93, is the assistant cashier of the State Bank at Armstrong, Iowa.

—G. M. Kerndt, '83, is president of the firm of Kerndt Brothers at Lansing, Iowa.

—Dennis A. Hennaghan, '92, is manager of a gold and silversmith firm in Chicago.

—B. Stevens, '86, is private secretary to President Saul, of the Ohio Southern Railroad.

—William McPhee, '90, is associated with his father in the lumber business in Denver, Colo.

—Archibald Leonard, '93, is the general manager of an oil business at Sisterville, West Virginia.

—Frank J. Wilkin '88, is the manager of his father's business establishment at Bay City, Michigan.

—P. MacDonnell, '80, is general manager of the MacDonnell Hardware Company at Bay City, Mich.

—Hon. J. W. Coppinger, '69, ex-State Senator of Illinois, represents Uncle Sam as Consul at Toronto, Canada.

—Harry L. Ferneding, '93, is with a prominent law firm in Dayton, Ohio. We wish Harry a brilliant future.

—Hon. Christopher Mamer, '62, a prominent politician in Chicago, is holding the responsible position of county agent.

—Very Rev. Thos. S. Fitzgerald, S. J., and Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., of Chicago, visited the University on Thursday.

—Frank J. Kelly (Law), '90, is a member of the law firm of Kelly & Looney, which has an extensive practice at Rock Island, Ill.

Local Items.

—The Literature class are now reading "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

—In the Minim-Carroll basket-ball contest the latter won the last game. Score, 11 to 0.

—The Brownson hand-ball team has no "wholesome dread" of the Carrolls. Oh, no! not they!

—The class of Metallurgy are making elaborate preparations for assay work during the remainder of the term.

—The Carroll basket-ball team was defeated by St. Joseph's Hall in the first of a series of games. Score, 12 to 9.

—The snow prevented the military companies

from having their accustomed dress parade on Washington's Birthday.

—At the last competitive drill of Co. B., H. Stearns was appointed second corporal, but resigned in order to enter the competition for the medal.

—The class of Organic Chemistry are busily engaged in making some important analyses. We expect to hear from them before the end of the session.

—The director of Science Hall gratefully acknowledges the receipt from Rev. Dr. Paradis of a handsome collection of specimens from the coal measures of Illinois.

—The Crescent Club gave a very enjoyable dance in the Reading Room Wednesday evening under the direction of Prof. Edwards. The music was furnished by the University Orchestra.

—“What has become of the Columbians?” and “Are we going to have a play on St. Patrick's day?” are questions that are now frequently asked, but no one seems able to answer.

—Tuesday afternoon the members of the Football team met, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming season of 1894-5. Chas. F. Roby was elected Captain, and E. F. DuBrul, Alternate.

—The contest for the McPhee Medal promises to be more than usually close and interesting this year. There are a full dozen in the race, any one of whom with due application can carry off the prize.

—Idleness seems to enter too largely of late into the recreations. This should not be, when we have good skating, hand-ball, basket-ball, etc. Every one should take some exercise and not remain indoors during rec. hours.

—The Curator of the Museum has recently received from a generous friend in Utah some magnificent specimens of crystallized selenite. They are part of the collection which attracted so much attention at the World's Columbian Exposition.

—The class in Experimental Physics have been engaged during the past week in determining the intensity of gravity in the latitude of Notre Dame. Some of the results arrived at by the use of Kater's pendulum are very close approximations to the truth.

—The election of officers of the Athletic Association will be held next Thursday, March 1. It is to be hoped that all those who intend to join the association will have done so by that time. The tickets entitling to membership cost \$1.50, and can be had of the treasurer, F. D. Hennessy.

—Who is the “Critic,” who is the “Conservative,” who is the “Scientist,” and who is the “Man of the World,” referred to in “Sunday Evenings with Friends” now appearing in our esteemed contemporary the *Ave Maria*? These are questions that many anxious inquirers would like to have answered.

—Our reporters may call upon you from time to time for bits of news. If this column is to be made interesting, it can only be done by the practical interest of all here. The SCHOLASTIC reporters are alive to the need of good, newsy “locals,” but they can do but little unless all hands assist. Don't refuse information when called upon.

—The Band gave an excellent concert in the rotunda last Thursday morning. Their playing shows the results of careful training. To their regularity in attending rehearsals, their enthusiasm and the careful attention they receive from Prof. Preston, is due the success of Thursday's concert. There is every indication that the lawn concerts will be something to be wished for and long remembered.

—The Athletic Association received a letter from the manager of the Oberlin College (Ohio) baseball team, stating that his team would make a tour of the state about the latter part of May, and asked if it would be possible to arrange a game to be played here on May 26th. As our baseball team has not yet assumed any definite shape, no action has been taken in the matter. We should do as other colleges, and arrange now all of the games that are to be played during the season. If not, it may be impossible to secure any games.

—A pleasant incident happened in the college parlor on Washington's Birthday. B. Leander waited on Mrs. Edward Roby and presented her with a badge, emblematic of the national colors. It was a very pretty design in the form of a dove. Mrs. Roby is an active member of the Woman's Relief Corps, and is loved and respected by every veteran of the late rebellion who has made her acquaintance. She is at present occupied in writing a book on the late war. Mrs. Roby's husband and B. Leander were members of the famous 14th corps of the Army of the Cumberland.

—The following programme was presented on Feb. 22:

“Overture Americaine,”.....University Orchestra
Chorus—“America,”....University Philharmonic Club
Oration of the Day.....Mr. James McKee
Chorus—“Red, White and Blue.”

University Philharmonic Club

Between Acts I and II

“Washington Gallopade,”.....*Pallioz*
Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra.

ROBERT MACAIRE.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

Cast of Characters.

Germil, a wealthy farmer.....Mr. Roger B. Sinnott
Dumont, an Innkeeper.....Mr. John F. Hervey
Robert Macaire, under the assumed name of Redmond,
.....Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell
Jacques Strop, under the assumed name of Bertrand,
.....Mr. Ernest F. DuBrul
Arth ur, a brother of Robert Macaire,
.....Mr. Armstead M. Prichard
Charles, the adopted son of Dumont,
.....Mr. James J. Fitzgerald
Pierre, head servant.....Mr. Christopher C. Fitzgerald

Sergeant Loupy.....Mr. Daniel P. Murphy
 Louis, Assistant to Pierre.....Mr. William Correll
 Baton } aides-de-camp to Loupy,
 Flonflon }

Mr. Thomas A. Quinlan
 Mr. John J. Dempsey

Finale—Washington Grand March.....Orchestra

—The much talked-of and widely advertised banquet of "The Lambs" was given last Thursday in the Lambs' annex. However, before tasting of the tempting viands, the regular business of the society was proceeded with. The members deemed the transaction of this business a sacred duty of which they must dispose before the pleasure which they anticipated and which was so near. The President called the meeting to order and the roll was called, showing a full attendance, the first in fact since the organization of the society. There was a yearning, anxious look on the face of each member, and before the business had been half gone through with several motions had been made to adjourn. The report of the critic was then called for by the President; but the members glared savagely at him; he wilted, and had nothing to report. The regular debate for the evening was dispensed with, and the reports of the different committees were not heard.

When the meeting was adjourned, the members made a wild scramble for the annex, in which the banquet was to be given. The Rosebuds, who were to be the guests of honor, were evidently snowed under, for they failed to put in an appearance. It devolved upon the President to say grace. He did so in a very lengthy manner — too lengthy some thought,—and before he had finished many had dropped into their seats and sailed in. To these, the President when he had finished gave a very reproachful look. There was not much conversation indulged in, for there was something dearer to their hearts, and they improved every moment of their time. The identity of the Lambs has been a knotty problem to a great many, and during the progress of the banquet many faces were seen peering through the massive windows of the hall, with the intention undoubtedly of discovering who the Lambs really were. The following toasts were responded to:

"The Lambs, God bless them!" the President; "The Rosebuds, God bless them too!" V. President; "How to avoid the liability of debts," the Treasurer; "The excuse we have for living," Cuspidor Rejuv.

The following appetizing menu was served:

Ribbon.	Soups.	Iron turtle.
	Blue points unpointed.	
Feathered chickens.	Beefsteak smothered in smiles.	
Eggs, <i>à la</i> old times.	Lamb, out of sight.	
Quail on toast.	Turkey on the fence.	
Olives in Lima crude.	Cranberries in sight.	
Mince pie, clothed with dreams.		
	Coffee in the can.	
Rocky Mt. bread.	Railroad sandwiches.	
	Ice cream, with onions.	
	Cake.	
Angel food, <i>à la</i> rosebud.	Pain cake.	Nuts hard to crack.
Caterer's bill.	Candy, gum drops.	

The reputation of the Lambs for their ability

to avoid debts having become known to the caterer, he resolved to get ahead of them, and accordingly at this juncture he made his appearance, and presented his bill. Instantly the wildest confusion resulted. They grabbed what they could from the table, and all vanished through the windows,—all, alas! but the Cuspidor Rejuvenator, who was captured by the caterer, and held in bondage for the payment of the debt. The probabilities are that he will never be ransomed. It was a grand affair, and one that will go into history.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Carney, Crawley, Corry, DuBrul, Devanney, Dinkel, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Kuhnert, McCarrick, Murphy, McGarry, O'Donnell, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Baur, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Blanchard, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, P. Campbell, Corry, Crane, Covert, Cooke, Chassaing, Coolidge, Cuneo, Chirhart, C. Clark, A. Campbell, Corby, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Dougan, Edwards, Fagan, Falvey, R. Flynn, A. Flynn, Feeney, Grady, Gordon, L. Gibson, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Harris, Hesse, Hodge, Harding, Johnson, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Kelly, Ludwig, Lawlor, Moore, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Markum, Murphy, Major, Manchester, Montague, Nev, O'Brien, O'Malley, H. O'Neill, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Roper, Rumely, J. Ryan, J. J. Ryan, F. Reilly, C. Roby, E. Roby, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Stack, Streicher, Sawicti, Tong, Turner, Tinnin, Vignos, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Barry, Benson, Black, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Druecker, Davis, Davezac, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fitzgibbons, Fleming, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Jack, E. Jones, H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lowrey, Lansdowne, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. J. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. H. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Ortiz, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Coolidge, Caruther, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Durand, Dalton, Everest, Feltenstein, Flynn, Finnerty, Girsch, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Goff, Ralph Higgins, R. Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, F. Hess, R. Hess, Jonquet, K. King, Kelly, Langley, Lysle, Lawton, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, Em. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Morehouse, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Romero, L. Rasche, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Swan, Steele, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wagner, York.